

Lady PENELOPE

ELEGANCE CHARM AND DEADLY DANGER



CHOOSE LADY PENELOPE'S
NEW STAIRCARPET AND WIN
ONE OF THESE FAB OUTFITS

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. • BEVERLY HILLBILLIES • MARINA
BEWITCHED • SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON





Your post, Lady



HELLO, and welcome to the fourth edition of **LADY PENELOPE!** Parker is sitting right beside me now sorting out a whole heap of letters that have just arrived in this morning's post. Thank you all for writing!

I have selected some of the interesting letters you have sent in, and they are printed below. Each of these readers will receive ten shillings. If you could do with a little extra money, why not write to me? You may want to have a little grumble about something, perhaps you don't agree with some of the letters here, or maybe something funny or exciting has happened to you, and you feel like sharing it—whatever it is, please don't hesitate to write. I am interested in whatever interests you!

If you would like your letter to be considered for publication, please remember to stamp it with the seal on the signet ring which was the free offer in the first issue of **LADY PENELOPE**. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you would like a postal reply.

WRITE TO: LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON E.C.4, (Comp.) and you may win ten shillings!

FRAMED!

I feel so miserable. I know it's silly but I've been crying because I've got to wear glasses. We all had a check-up at school and when it came to the eye test, I couldn't read the letters on the board. Then they sent me to a clinic for another eye test. Then they gave me a card for an appointment at the opticians. The man there kept shining lights into my eyes and testing different lenses. Now I have to wear pale pink plastic framed glasses whenever I read or watch television. There were hardly any frames to choose from and they were all ugly. Just let them start calling me four eyes at school...

Linda Burgess,
Halifax.

ones. We've been taught old-time dancing like the St. Bernard Waltz and the Military two-step. The most modern dance we've learnt is the twist and that went out with cardboard milk bottle tops.

Christine Barker,
Cambridge.

I quite agree with you, Christine—it's about time you learnt some modern dances at all.

SCREAMERS

Last December I went to see my favourite pop group, the Beatles. They were playing at a local theatre. I was very excited and was also pleased to find out that another of my favourite groups, the Moody Blues, were also on the bill. I screamed so much that I fainted during the Moody Blues' act and didn't even get to see the Beatles. How about that!

Theresa Norman,
Manchester.

I'm very mad with other fans who scream and go wild when they go to see their favourite group on stage. The screaming drowns the noise of the group so that it seems as though they're missing. Why can't people show a bit of consideration for others who want to hear as well as to see the group?

Marianne Robinson,
Cardiff.

To scream or not to scream? I should be interested to hear other readers' opinions on this.

CAT CAME BACK

I was so pleased when my cat, Rupert, returned to me. He disappeared four months ago and I had lost all trace of him. I had given up hope of ever seeing him again. Then one evening we heard loud miaowing outside the back door!



There he was, a bit thin, but large as life. To this day we don't know what happened to him.

Gillian Gough,
Chorley.

BEAUTIFUL... SNAKES!

Girls are always pretending that they are afraid of snakes. My father has a vivarium, which is like an aquarium only instead of fish it's snakes. They are really beautiful. There are four of them, Tonga, Fango, Lazy and Bert. They are quite harmless. I often hold them and they are always very friendly, especially Bert, who is a lovely little green grass snake.

Allison Cooper,
Derby.



I think Scott Tracy of International Rescue is gorgeous. Please may I have some facts on him. *Lady Penelope!*
Susan Houghton,
Southampton.

Scott Tracy, the pilot of Thunderbird 1, is the oldest of the Tracy sons. He is very dark, has dimples and is extremely charming. He reads a lot in his spare time, and his favourite food is steak.



DON'T PINCH!

I often do the shopping on a Saturday morning, and really get annoyed when I see women customers feeling oranges, pressing lettuce, and pinching pears. It is very unhygienic. The other day I went into the greengrocer's and there was a little notice on the tomatoes that said "Don't squeeze me till I'm yours."



Gloria Mathews,
Bath.

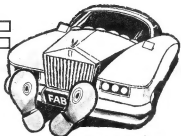


I need to wear glasses for reading as well. Linda. With the aid of glasses, eyes often get better as you grow older.

TAKE YOUR PARTNERS

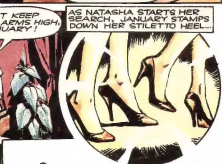
For three months I've been attending evening dancing lessons held in the school hall. We learn every sort of old-fashioned dance like the waltz and the quickstep, but they never teach us new

PERILS OF PARKER



CLUMSY... ARTFUL... AND SAFE AS HOUSES!









SANDY lay stretched out on the crackling snow of the mountainside, her left hand hooked into the tough patch of leather on the very lip of the treacherous crevasse which had opened in front of her face. Her right arm, jerked half out of its socket, stretched out and down, and her fingers were already losing their grip on Gerard's hand.

Beneath her, dangling helplessly above the scudding death-drop, the young student farmer who had befriended her looked up with silent, pleading tears.

Sandy ground about and turned her eyes desperately towards the crest of the rise behind her . . . the crest where, just out of sight, a man was standing. The man who would track her to the ends of the earth to deliver her for ever. The man called Numeral 1.

"You can't go for help! I can't!" The words clashed brutally through Sandy's mind. And now her eyes met Gerard's again, and she knew that if she kept silent, it would be only seconds before he lost his grip completely.

It was as though Gerard read her mind. "Don't talk, Sandy! It would be of no use! That man—he would come down, kick your hand free. We would both die! You must save yourself!"

But then, suddenly, Sandy was aware of the hard lump of the diamond in his wash-leather bag, pressed painfully between her stomach and the snow-crust beneath her. In that instant, a desperate plan for at least a momentary survival, fashed to her mind!

She opened her mouth and yelled for help at the top of her lungs!

THH! man yelled Numeral 1 whirled on his heels at the sound of the cry, and a gleam shone deep in his darkly narrowed eyes, no more than half a dozen steps, he had crossed from the road to the mountain slope, and his teeth bared in calous delight as he took in the scene before him.

A curious feeling of relief related him, for Numeral 1 himself was a man who walked in the shadow of fate. "Now," he boomed. "Now I'll finish the job and get that damned bag . . . and the master will be pleased . . . well pleased!"

But before he could move down the slope, Numeral 1 fell in the pocket of his strange, uniform jacket, and took out the dose-fifting lid hood with the weak figure one painted on the forehead. It was completely in his line-of-sight that to Sandy go to her doom without ever seeing the face of her killer.

Just as Gerard had predicted, he ran down towards the helpless couple, ready to kick the pair of them about into the yawning abyss.

"Pull him up!" Sandy shrieked desperately at the man who crouched over him. "You've got to pull him up!"

Numeral 1 hadn't been prepared for the faint, yet so definite trace of command in Sandy's voice. It baffled him for an instant . . . froze him like someone playing a grotesque game of statues . . .

"I will pull him up!" Now Sandy's voice was more level, and command had given way to triumph.

"You'd better. He'll slip free any second!"

"So?" Numeral 1's odd, cultured voice was tinged with surprise.

"He's got the diamond in his pocket!" lied Sandy.

"I gave it to him!"

It could have been true. There was the bare chance that . . . and Numeral 1 couldn't afford to ignore it. With a muffled curse, he dropped one knee into Sandy's back, pinning her immobile, and reached down and over her to lock his hands around Gerard's wrist.

Numeral 1 was immensely strong, and the leverage as he wrestled the young student up and out of danger made Sandy cry out with the pain of the knee in her back. But the moment Numeral 1 jumped back, and flung Gerard face-downwards on the snow, the cold rolled sideways and clear, and scatched the wash-leather bag from her belt, waving it above her head!

In the vaults beneath Lady Penelope's mansion is a strong room where dozens on all the cases in which she has been involved are kept. Here is part of a file 7624 — the story of Sandy Barton.

Imagine an ordinary girl, with the largest diamond in the world in a bag at her waist, on the run from a mysterious, hooded man, determined to kill her for the stone! This is Sandy Barton, witness to murder and the theft of the diamond, kidnapped by plane, but now escaped in the lonely mountains between France and Spain! She needs a young man who tries to help her escape from the killer she knows only as Numeral 1 — but how treaguely strikes!

"Here's your diamond! It was here all the time!" The stilted eyes in the black hood telegraphed intensely towards her, and Numeral 1 was fractionally off his guard! In the same second, Gerard had seen his chance, and despite the throbbing ache in his right arm, he launched himself from the snow and sprang headlong at the killer's throat!

Snow blasted upwards in flying shavings as the two men rolled together in a tangle of falling arms and legs, and Sandy had a dozen impressions of Gerard's face as he choked.

"Get away, Sandy! Get away! Quick, while you have the chance!"

But Sandy stood rooted to the spot. How could she? How could she leave the boy who had saved her?

Now Numeral 1 was on top, and his free foot rose in the air like a club! It fell . . . but Gerard writhed away, and the force of his blow took the hooded killer off balance, his neck suddenly exposed and inviting for the chop of the young Frenchman's left hand, which descended like the blade of a hand!

Gerard was on his feet beside Sandy, his hand grabbing for hers. Their eyes were clung on the man rolling at their feet, struggling for his senses in the red-hot limbo of unconsciousness . . .

"Basil Come on . . . run!" And with Gerard's voice ringing loud in her ears, Sandy was pulled forward in a frantic dash back towards the road!

THE rising surface of the snow-ploughed highway was reassuring under Sandy's feet as she ran side-by-side with her friend. She was glad that Sandy hadn't been time to think about the awful possibilities of Gerard plunging into the crevasse . . .

Sandy could hardly believe that the town of Javanne was scarcely more than a mile down this winding mountain road, and that soon she might be talking to Monsieur Marier, the man Gerard had told her was Chief of Police. So soon . . . and all her troubles would be over!

But even as she ran, doubts began flooding in to her mind. Supposing the Monsieur Marier didn't believe her story? Everything about it was so incredible . . . would Gerard be able to help her . . . the bag containing the fantastic diamond, the size of an orange, that was the cause of all her trouble! Surely the police would believe her story when she showed them the stone! They must . . . they had to!

She cast a quick glance back over her shoulder and her heart leaped horrifyingly. There, no more than two hundred yards behind them, was the racing figure of Numeral 1!

"Faster, Gerard! We've got to run faster!"

A second before, she could have run on and on for ever . . . but now, she was startlingly conscious that a stick was gripping her side . . . that the blood was hammering in her temples. She thought of death she'd had at home, when the awful nightmare of waiting to run, yet finding oneself to the spot, had made her wake up in a cold sweat. It had been such a relief to wake up then . . . but now?

The roadside trees flashed past dizzily . . . the road reared back and swung. She was sure she was going to fall. A hand loomed up . . .

"Get away, Sandy! Get away! These hills off!" Her voice rang shrilly.

"Keep going, Sandy! If we reach Javanne here, we've saved!" Gerard gave her hand a quick squeeze of encouragement and tugged her on, ever faster.

NOW the head . . . and startlingly, the image of the two horizontal red-and-white striped bars, laid clear across the road. The next little white-washed posts at the wayside . . .

"Men died! The mountain railway!" yelled Gerard . . . and at once, the screeching whistle of a train approaching the level crossing that fate had put in their path.

Now Sandy could see it all. A small, black electric engine, towing its clattering line of trucks and goods vans, pulling slowly, but surely from its yawning tunnel mouth in the mountainside. Even if they'd had warning, they'd never have beaten it to the crossing.

Fasting, they raced to the barrier and grapsed it with their hands. The trucks did by . . . and now they seemed to be agonizingly slow. Sandy looked back over her shoulder. Numeral 1 hadn't appeared yet, but he could be only mere yards away on the other side of the barrier.

THEN Gerard was yanking at her hand again, and in a sort of daze, Sandy felt him shove her beneath the barrier, so that her face was level with the shaking wheels of the trucks.

"It's our only chance! Get ready to jump up!" Gerard was roaring hoarsely above the clangour of the train. "Quickly . . . when that flat wagon reaches the ground . . ."

Sandy sprang one more lunge behind her . . . and now Numeral 1 was in sight, his legs a blur of speed as he went towards them, his right hand clutching the handle of his gun.

Then Gerard jumped, and his body was up and away, hauling over the edge of the clattering wagon . . . and at the same time something took hold of Sandy's wrist, and made her leap from the ground to follow him!

The world dissolved into a whirl of lightning images . . . the grinding wheels as they bit the metal of the rails . . . the swirling couplings . . . the sky above . . . and her shoe, as it hit some moving part and was flung wildly off!

Sandy screamed as her hands slipped from their previous hold and the track jumped crazily up to meet her!

TO BE CONTINUED



Schooldays... Mexican Style



THE buildings are tall glass skyscrapers, the streets are studded with Cadillacs, and the skies are speckled with jets. Yet many a mustachioed Mexican gentleman can be seen walking down the newly cemented streets of Mexico City wearing his strew sombrero and striped poncho.

Maria Allgaro has lived in Mexico City all her life. She was eleven a fortnight ago.

The Allgaros live in a small but brand new house on the outskirts of the city.

"Mexico City is very poor in some parts," Maria admits, "and very luxurious in others."

Until recently she and her family lived in a block of dismal flats.

"But now in our new home, it is lovely to have our own bathroom, and for my mother to have a proper kitchen."

At 7 o'clock Maria, half-awake and rubbing the sleep from her eyes, goes into the bathroom to get washed. Since her breakfast is usually fruit—bananas or oranges—she eats it while she is getting ready.

A special bus takes Maria and her friends off to school, and returns to pick them up at 5 in the afternoon. This means they never have any excuse for being late for school, which starts at 8 o'clock.

Maria goes to a school which specialises in English, and in the mornings, all the lessons are conducted in English, so she has to concentrate very hard. There are English teachers, and even the school uniform is red, white and blue! In the afternoon, the lessons are conducted in Spanish. History is Maria's favourite subject.

1 o'clock is lunch time, and as there is no school meal service, Maria takes a bus home. The meal is quite a big one. They probably start off with melon, then perhaps enchiladas,

which is a spicy mixture of chicken, flour and chile. This is followed by fruit and coffee.

The children do not have to be back at school until 3, which means that when the sun is really hot—and it gets pretty hot in Mexico in the summer—they can have a nap in the shade.

When Maria is 13 she will leave her present school and go to a secondary one. Then she will no longer attend school in the afternoons, but will have a lot of homework to do. At the moment she has hardly any.

In her free time, Maria goes to the cinema, or spends her time taking her three poodles for walks.

"Their names are Pericles, Tinlin and Blackie. Sometimes they can be very mischievous, and even annoying, but I wouldn't be without them for anything," says Maria.



Top left: When it comes to candy floss, Mexican girls can eat with the best of them!

Top right: A young Mexican couple demonstrate their dancing skills at a fiesta held outside Mexico City.

Below: Fiesta time is dressing up time—the clothes these young girls wear are embroidered with the traditional designs which have been handed down from generation to generation.



The Beverly Hillbillies



Lady PENELOPE



ELEGANCE...

CHARM...

DEADLY DANGER

THE SCORPION DIED AS THE CONCENTRATED RAY IS INCREASED.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MELADY?

YES, THANK YOU, PARKER. BUT MY BOOT AND THE CARPET ARE SCORCHED A LITTLE.

MOIRA KINGSLEY IS ADIPT AT EAVESDROPPING...

JOHNNY WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF LADY PENELOPE. I MUST SEE HIM.

A HOVER CAB RIDE ACROSS TOWN... A SMALLER NOTE...

YOU WERE TOLD THAT I WOULD CONTACT YOU WHAT'S WRONG? YOU STILL HAVE THE MICROFILM?

YES... IT'S WAITING FOR COLLECTION... BUT JOHNNY... LADY PENELOPE'S ALIVE... SHE'S HERE IN CASIS!

PARKER'S ROOM JOINS HER LADYSHIP'S SUITE SHE IS SOON ASLEEP.

THE CITY SLEEPS... ALL IS QUIET... NO-ONE SEES THE LONG FIGURE MOVE ALONG THE BALCONY OUTSIDE LADY PENELOPE'S ROOM...

After seeing a sinister man named Wingard pass some microfilm to a model girl, Lady Penelope decides to go to Oasis, a new city in the desert where a fashion show is scheduled. On the way to the international city, Wingard gains a lift in Fab One and leaves behind a deadly scorpion...

AS ONE ENTERS THE MAGNIFICENT CITY OF OASIS...



DON'T MOVE, PARKER. I'LL USE MY SIGNET RING... BUT IT WILL HAVE TO BE AT QUARTER PAST FIVE.

ELEGANT FINGERS TOUCH A CERTAIN PART OF THE RING...

LADY PENELOPE CHECKS IN AT THE OASIS - HILTON...

COULD YOU TELL ME IF MISS ELAINE WICKENS HAD ARRIVED FROM LONDON?

YES, MA'AM. SHE OCCUPIES SUITE ELEVEN - FIFTEEN.

AFTER TAKING A SHOWER, LADY PENELOPE CALLS ON ELAINE...

ELAINE, THE DARK GIRL WHO MODELLED THE GOWN IN LONDON, IS SHE HERE?

YOU MUST MEAN MOIRA KINGSLEY. YES, SHE'S ONE OF MY FINEST MODELS.

AFTER A DELICIOUS SUPPER, LADY PENELOPE IS READY TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT...

AH, YOU'RE BACK, MELADY... WAS I WORRIED YOU KNOW THAT WINGARD BLOKE IS GOING TO TRY TO GET YOU AGAIN.

THE PROBLEM OF COURSE IS KNOWING HOW AND WHEN HE WILL MAKE HIS NEXT MOVE. AH, WELL... TIME FOR BED, PARKER. GOODNIGHT.

I ASSUME SO, PARKER... BUT YOU NEEDN'T HAVE CONCERNED YOURSELF. I WAS WITH ELAINE AND WINGARD IS NO FOOL... HE WOULDN'T ATTEMPT ANYTHING IN PUBLIC.

BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY... I'M AFRAID!

BOUNDLESSLY THE MAN SCROBBES TO LADY PENELOPE'S BED...



THE



FIVE



FACES



OF



BENNY HILL



"STRAIGHT up the stairs 'til you come to Number 7, modom." The commissionaire, round-faced, with cheeky blue eyes, smiled through his droopy moustache. Instantly it flashed through my mind... Benny Hill?

My footsteps echoed on the stairs. Past flats 3-5. Up another flight. Flats 6-8. I knocked on Number 7. The door was opened by a very healthy looking housekeeper, wearing lots of bright lipstick and a light perm.

"Do come in, Lady Penelope." She winked a pale blue eye. "Mr. Hill is just shaving." Could it be... Benny Hill? The housekeeper laughed coyly and skipped rather heavily into an adjacent room. Two seconds later loud baritone singing emerged from the same room.

The door opened and Mr. Hill, bearing a more than significant resemblance to both housekeeper and doorman, appeared. Smelling of toothpaste and soap, he pumped my hand warmly.

Was guided into lounge. Modern and slightly untidy—a sock and razor blade lay on the table beside two large cups of black coffee. Sat down next to a harp and a guitar.

"Now," said Mr. Hill, hooking a well-loved corduroy slipper on to his bare foot, "tell me about yourself."

COAL CLERK

"Actually, I'd prefer it if we talked about you," I replied.

He sat down on the other side of the guitar. "I was born under the name of Alfred Hawthorne Hill, and no laughing, please. That would be in nineteen hundred and...," He suddenly leapt up. "I'll just go and get the marning's post." He disappeared. Obviously didn't want to reveal true age.

Reappeared carrying several envelopes which were plonked on the table.

As soon as he left school, Mr. Hill started work as a coal clerk. "Three weeks later I was stockroom boy in Woolworths. I used to spend half me day scraping customers' chewing gum off the floor and the other half depositing me own." He laughed cheekily and slapped his thigh. "All part of life's rich pattern."

He had already joined a touring review by the time he was seventeen. "East Ham today, Walthamstow tomorrow, and Biggleswade the day after that! I was earning £3 10s. a week, and thought I was King of the World." He took a long draught of his coffee. "Yukkk! No sugar!" A small tube of slimming sweeteners was produced and two tablets dropped into the cup.

Opened mail. A fan letter from someone in Streatham.

"I spent three nights in an air raid shelter on Streatham Common," said Benny, looking a little moist under his eyes. "There wasn't a war on or anything, but I'd come to seek my fortune in London and I'd nowhere to sleep."

More fan letters. He read aloud. "'Dear Benny, I think you are the greatest person on television. Love, Mother.' No, I'm only kidding."

TROPICAL BEACH

Mr. Hill travels a lot. His flat is just around the corner from an air terminal.

"I don't bother packing clothes. I just get on a plane and fly away." He often writes his scripts on the plane or on some tropical beach.

I asked Benny how he gets ideas for his sketches. "Oh, it's mostly from watching people, studying their funny little ways." He picked off a piece of crepe from the bottom of his slipper and dropped it in the ashtray. "We all have our funny little habits."

I couldn't resist asking him whether he spent a lot of money on his clothes.

"See this tie?" he said proudly, pointing to a multi-coloured strip of material hanging down the front of his shirt. "Only 1.95 in Hong Kong!"

Mr. Hill is as funny and natural in private as he is in public, and one of the friendliest people I have ever had the good fortune to meet. In his own words he is "all part of life's rich pattern."

Here **LADY PENELOPE** magazine tries its hand at forecasting the future and makes some tongue-in-cheek predictions on what this year might hold for us!

1966 A LOOK AHEAD

WHEN a new year starts, people all want to get in on the act of looking back over the old year and saying "I told you so" about all the things that have happened that they claim they predicted long ago!

So, though we're into February, we at **LADY PENELOPE** thought we'd have a shot at doing some predicting ourselves! We've looked into our crystal ball, and this is something like what we can see happening in 1966... we're sure some of it will be correct!

JANUARY

(This one's easy!) Beatles start the year at the top of the charts. Spencer Davis group make the big time. Girls' dresses get shorter — knees get colder...

FEBRUARY

Rolling Stones make film. Mary Quant, the dress designer, writes musical play, just for a change. Teachers strike (Hooray!) Charlie Drake decides to enter Grand National.

MARCH

Six feet of snow covers the country — short skirts disappear overnight and hemlines reach the ankles. Charlie Drake first past the post in the Grand National but disqualified for not having a horse.

APRIL

Ringo leaves Beatles and becomes Mayor of Liverpool. Snow gone. Skirts back to knee high. **LADY PENELOPE** largest selling girls' paper.

MAY

England has its summer — two days. Prince Charles starts pop group called The Blue Bloods. Mod girls go bald. It rains.

JUNE

Girls' skirts stay knee length but boys' trousers get shorter. Teachers' strike ends (boo!). Pupils' strike begins (hooray!). Cilla Black wins Wimbledon singles tennis title. It rains.

JULY

Rolling Stones and Beatles lend government a hundred million pounds — all promoted to the House of Lords. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony tops charts. Clamettes go broke. It rains.

SEPTEMBER

Blue Bloods top poll with "King of the Road" revised. Pupils' strike over in time to start new term. Donovan leaves show business and joins the army. It rains.

OCTOBER

Sandie Shaw gets chilblains. Houses of Parliament turned into Bingo hall. Girls' skirts get longer — boys now wearing shorts. It stops raining.

NOVEMBER

Pirate pop ship runs aground in Birmingham. Mick Jagger leaves Stones and joins Supremes. Girl from U.N.C.L.E. arrests American President.

DECEMBER

Christmas. No rain for four weeks. Official drought. **LADY PENELOPE** ends year by topping sales record. Elvis Presley voted most promising newcomer. Herman Munster on 'VOGUE' front cover.



Prediction for Lady Penelope

FAMOUS astrologer Maurice Woodruff held another of his prediction parties recently for people with birthdays in February, and as Lady Penelope's birthday is February 14th, she was invited, along with other famous celebrities born under the same Zodiac sign.

It was quite a party! Donovan, the folk singer, was there. So was Patrick Macnee, better known as John Steed, of *The Avengers*. Then there was actor Norman Wisdom, singer Libby Morris and Michael McStay, of *No Hiding Place*. And with Lady Penelope was Wanda Webb, whom Thunderbirds fans will have heard of. Mr. Woodruff had plenty to tell them all about what the future held.

Mr. Woodruff's main prediction for Lady Penelope? That she should be making a trip to America in April. So this surely means that "Thunderbirds" is to appear then on American television!



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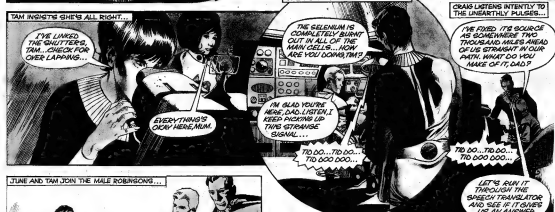
NAME

ADDRESS



Space Family Robinson

Two massive cosmic explosions have sent Earth's first space station speeding into an unknown galaxy. After radio contact with Earth is broken, Craig Robinson, whose family is manning the giant station, assesses the damage when his daughter Tam regains consciousness after being injured...





DIAL F...A...B...FOR FAB CLUB

CALLING FAB Agents everywhere! Lady Penelope here, ready to open another meeting of the Federal Agents' Bureau!

Thank you again for all the letters which have been arriving at FAB Club Headquarters... I shall be including some of the ideas you have suggested on this page as soon as possible, so keep a watch out. As I have received so many beauty queries, I have decided to answer some of them in Beauty Corner this week.

Don't miss your chance to win a terrific suit this week—there are TEN to be won, so see the following pages for all the details.

Penelope C.W.



FAB
FOOD
DEPT.

Old-fashioned toffee

YOU NEED:

- 1 lb. cube sugar
- 1 pint water
- 2 oz. Lyle's golden syrup
- 2 teaspoons vinegar or lemon juice
- 3 oz. butter
- pinch of cream of tartar

YOU JUST:

Put sugar, water, syrup and vinegar into a thick saucepan and dissolve together carefully over low heat, stirring as necessary. Add cream of tartar dissolved in a little water, bring to the boil and cook briskly and without stirring for a short time (until it reaches 285 deg. F., if you have a sugar thermometer).

Then test to see if it has been heated enough by putting a drop of the mixture in cold water. If ready, it should snap easily.

Remove from heat, add butter in small pieces without stirring, then re-boil. After boiling a short time, pour into an oiled tin and break up when cold.

NOTE: As this recipe requires boiling, check with your Mum first before trying it!

beauty corner

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Here is a selection of queries which have cropped up again and again in the FAB Club posting. If you want a beauty query, please drop me a line and I'll do my best to help.

When I was small I used to have really fair hair, but recently it has started getting darker. Is there anything I can do about this?—Susan

On champagne nights, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a cup, and add this to your first bowl of rinsing water. This should help to make your hair look brighter, Susan. Otherwise you can only lighten your hair by artificial means. There are preparations which gently lighten the hair a degree or two, such as Polysol.

My hands always look red and rough, and I sometimes chafe. Why?—Gillian

Hands need just as much care as your face, Gillian, or the skin will dry up. And you may have poor circulation, which causes chafing. Rub vaseline in whenever your hands have been in water, particularly if you're just done washing up or washed your clothes. Try to protect your hands with rubber gloves when washing up. The skin absorbs more cream when it is warm, so rub lots in at bedtime and wear cotton gloves while you sleep. Wearing such Noxema-cream should help get your circulation going, and you'll be more likely to avoid chafing.

My mother says hair lacquer is bad for the hair, and won't let me wear it.—Joan

I agree—certainly too much use of hair sprays is bad. But occasional use for special occasions does no harm. Choose a mild spray which brushes out easily, like Get Set, and keep away from eyes and skin. If necessary, use a special shampoo made to remove lacquer, when washing your hair.



A Cake for Steve!

IT was the occasion for a special ceremony recently when Steve, the brewery horse, celebrated his 21st birthday!

Steve, in the fourteen years he has worked at Young's brewery in London, has worn out 150 sets of shoes. This is some record for a working horse, so when he became "of age" the other week, the brewery arranged for a brass band to play "Happy Birthday" to him, and sent him a greetings telegram.

They also presented him with a cake made of delicious (to Steve, anyway!) horse feed, with 21 carrots and his name spelled out in sugar lumps. He even appeared on television, and lots of people sent him cards and carrots! Belated birthday greetings from FAB Club, Steve!

Elegance

... Chin up, shoulders straight—
and walk tall like a model girl!

Charm

... Don't speak (or worse still,
laugh!) with your mouth full!

Deadly Dangers

... Don't cross the road when
the traffic lights are against you!

OVERHEARD . . .

Most pop singers and groups have mascots, but did you know that one group has a ghost as a luck bringer? Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich never go anywhere without ghost Cyril by their sides!

At every meal they insist there's a place set for Cyril, and there's always a seat allocated to him in the band wagon!



A FAB CLUB FOUNDER MEMBER

Here's FAB Agent Olga Martynak, of Preston. Would you like to see your photograph on this page? Post it to me and I'll try and include it. Remember, enclose a ready stamped, self-addressed envelope if you'd like it to be returned later.

Want to know . . .

... about a star or programme on television? If the programme is presented by either ATV or ABC TV, here are the addresses where you can write to find the answers. But remember, they can obviously only answer questions about their own programmes, so it's no use writing to query something presented by another company. Secondly, be sure to enclose a ready stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply.

Questions on ATV programmes:
ATV Viewers Correspondence,
ATV Home,
17 Great Cumberland Place,
London, W.1.

on ABC TV programmes:
ABC TV
Viewers Correspondence,
Broom Road,
Teddington, Middlesex.



"But . . . but you said to come in evening dress!"



SUIT YOURSELF!

Gear girls are going for belted jackets and there are TEN of these with-it suits to be won this week!

FAB CLUB

HERE are two top numbers from this spring's Dainty Maid collection which are smart enough for any big occasion, but look right even if you're just walking the dog!

Sally, on the left, is wearing the small girl's suit, style 722. In fine wool check, it has a pleated skirt with adjustable waistband and concealed pocket. The jacket is belted and the outfit is made in fawn or grey check. This suit will sell in sizes 24" to 34" length from approximately £6 at most big stores, including D. H. Evans and Selfridges of London, Dingles of Plymouth and branches of Lewis's stores.

Janet is wearing the Dainty Maid suit for taller girls, style 4054, which is also made in grey or fawn check. This has a belted jacket, too, but a straight skirt with a Dior pleat at the back. It is made in sizes 34" to 40" length, selling at from approximately £8 at the same stores mentioned above.

These two Dainty Maid styles make up this week's ten fashion prizes. Enter the competition on the opposite page and try to win one!

FASHION... FASHION... FASHION... FASHION...

COMPETITION ... COMPETITION ... COMPETITION ...



Wanted - New Staircarpet!

Help Lady Penelope pick a new pattern for her elegant staircase

TEN Dainty Maid suits are waiting to be won in this week's easy competition for LADY PENELOPE readers! All you have to do is help Lady Penelope choose a new staircarpet.

The staircase is shown below as it is at present, with the old carpet, which is beginning to get threadbare. And on the right are four new carpet patterns to replace it. Taking the present decor of the hall and staircase into consideration, decide which of the new carpets, A, B, C or D, will look best on the stairs, and place the remaining three in order of preference.

Then fill in the entry coupon below. Print your full name, address and age, and list in order of preference your choice of carpets (A, B, C or D). Then in not more than TEN words, complete the sentence "My first choice looks best because ...". Finally, state the size, style (722 or 4054) and colour of the Dainty Maid suit you would like if you are one of the winners. If you wear 34" length clothes, you can pick either suit shown on the opposite page. If you take a larger size, you will have to stick to style 4054, and if you're smaller, you will only be able to choose style 722.

Post your entry to: LADY PENELOPE'S CARPET COMPETITION, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.99 to arrive NOT LATER than Tuesday, February 15, 1966.

RULES: All entries will be examined, and the ten which, in the opinion of the judges, have the most original completion of sentence and are correct in selecting the carpets, will be the winners. The senders of these entries will each receive a Dainty Maid suit as shown on the opposite page.

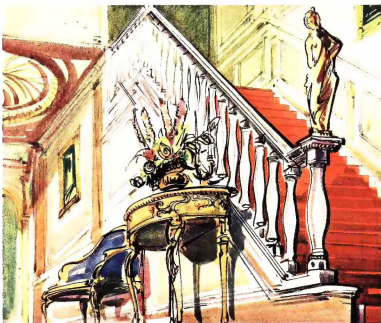
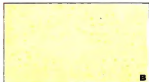
Age and sex must also be taken into consideration when the entries are judged. ENTRY IS FREE.

The Competition is open to all readers in the U.K. other than relatives or agents of employees of A. P. FINE (Merchandising) Ltd., City Magazines, Ltd., or LADY PENELOPE magazine.

The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in this competition and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO CONCERNING IT. Do not enclose any other correspondence, photographs or queries with your entry. Any entries which do so are liable to disqualification. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

Winners' names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible. Winners will be notified by post within three weeks after closing date.

CLOSING DATE: Tuesday, February 15, 1966.



CARPET COMPETITION

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

In order of preference, my choice of carpets are:

☐ 1st ☐ 2nd ☐ 3rd ☐ 4th

My first choice looks best because

..... (Limit 10 words)

If I win I would like a Dainty Maid suit in style number

size

colour choice

Post To: LADY PENELOPE'S CARPET COMPETITION, 317, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.99.

WITH ONE TWITCH, SHE'S A WITCH! NO NEED TO SPELL IT OUT—THE MAGIC OF SAMANTHA IS HERE!

BEWITCHED



SAMANTHA'S AUNT CLARA IS ALWAYS DROOPING IN UNEXPECTEDLY!

BERRI! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL MATERIALISE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

HELLO, AUNT CLARA! SORRY I CAN'T STOP FOR A CHAT BUT DARRIN HAS INVITED A VERY IMPORTANT CLIENT TO DINNER.



HOW NICE, SAMANTHA! PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU A HAND.

I CAN CERTAINLY DO WITH A LITTLE HELP. WOULD YOU PASS A TIN OF FLOUR, PLEASE?



CERTAINLY MY DEAR! I'LL USE A LITTLE LEVITATION AND SAVE MY POOR OLD FEET.

CAREFUL, AUNT CLARA! YOU KNOW HOW YOU ALWAYS GET YOUR MAGIC MIXED UP.



AUNT CLARA DOES IT AGAIN! OH, DEAR! I DIDN'T MEAN IT TO DO THAT.

WELL, YOU TRIED ANYWAY!



AN HOUR LATER...

THE DOOR BELL—THAT MUST BE DARRIN! THANK GOODNESSES EVERYTHING IS READY!

I'D BETTER GO, SAMANTHA. I'LL JUST POP THROUGH THE WALL.



BUT ONCE AGAIN, AUNT CLARA GETS A LITTLE MIXED UP!

OOOF!

ER, HELLO, DARRIN!



AUNT CLARA!

THOMAS

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. CADSWELL?

EXTRAORDINARY! SHE SEEMED TO COME STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR!



SO YOU'RE DARRIN'S AUNT. THEN YOU MUST STAY FOR DINNER! I LIKE TO MEET THE FAMILY OF THE MAN WHO HOPES TO DO BUSINESS WITH ME.

OH, NO...!



SOMEHOW, THEY REACH THE TABLE IN ONE PIECE.

SAMANTHA IS JUST RETURNING DINNER, MR. CADSWELL. I'M SURE I'LL FIND IT AS ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS.

I'M SURE I WILL... JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T CHICKEN. FOR SOME REASON, CHICKEN ALWAYS BRINGS ME OUT IN GOOSE BUMPS.







Marina

GIRL OF THE SEA



After signing a peace treaty with Aphony, the evil Titan orders the city of Pacifica to be destroyed . . .

WE ARE HELPLESS, FATHER... EVERYTHING IS GONE!



NOT QUITE, MARINA... WE STILL HAVE OUR LIVES AND THE STRENGTH TO FIGHT FOR LASTING PEACE IN THE UNDERSEA WORLD.

HOW CAN WE OVERCOME TITAN'S POWER? WE HAVE NO WEAPONS.



WE WILL USE OUR VOICES. TO THE EAST AND THE WEST MANY PACES WILL JOIN AGAIN WITH US TO DEFEAT TITAN.

COME. WE MUST JOURNEY TO SPEAK TO OUR FRIENDS.



OH, FATHER... YOU ARE SO WISE AND STRONG. YES... WE CAN DO IT!

BUT THEIR DEPARTURE DOES NOT GO UNOBSERVED...



IN HIS PALACE, TITAN HEARS THE NEWS...

GO... KILL THEM. APHONY'S WORDS ARE DANGEROUS. WHILE HE LIVES, I WILL NEVER BE SAFE.



WE WENT TO PACIFICA TO SURVIVE THE DAMAGE, YOUR MAJESTY...

...AND WE SAW THEM. APHONY, MARINA AND PACIFICA'S FIRST MINISTERS ARE ALIVE.



MEANWHILE, TERROR FISH SCANNERS ARE SWEEPING THE AREA...

TWENTY MARINE MILES HAVE BEEN COVERED BY THE THREE REFUGEES FROM PACIFICA...



WE WILL REST IN THAT CAVE. IT IS A LONG WAY TO THE NEAREST CITY. WE MUST RESERVE OUR STRENGTH.

MARINA FINDS SOME SMALL CLAMS. SOON THEY ARE ENJOYING A TASTY MEAL...



I CANNOT REMEMBER WHEN CLAM NEED TASTED SO GOOD.

AND THESE CLAMS ARE DELICIOUS HAVE ONE, FATHER.

THERE! WE HAVE FOUND THEM!



THE TWO AQUAPHIBIANS LEAVE THEIR VESSEL...



AAAGH!

